

To the WORSHIPFUL  
**CHARLES SMITH, Esq. MAYOR,**  
**The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeffes,**  
And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants  
of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,  
This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,  
By their most obedient humble Servant,  
**SAMUEL WRIGHT.**

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of ALL-SAINTS, from the 21st of December, 1795, to the 21st of December, 1796; including Persons (in Number 13) buried at the Meeting in College-Lane; at the Chapel in King's Head Lane, 3; at the Methodists' Chapel, Ditto, 0; and at the Quakers' Burying Ground, 0.

DISEASES in the Parish of All-Saints.

|            |   |    |              |   |    |              |   |   |           |   |    |
|------------|---|----|--------------|---|----|--------------|---|---|-----------|---|----|
| Accidental | - | 1  | Consumptions | - | 22 | Fevers       | - | 7 | Measles   | - | 1  |
| Aged       | - | 6  | Croop        | - | 1  | Fits         | - | 2 | Small-Pox | - | 16 |
| Cancer     | - | 1  | Droopy       | - | 5  | Inflammation | - | 4 | Suddenly  | - | 1  |
| Chincough  | - | 11 |              |   |    |              |   |   |           |   |    |

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

|                      |    |                   |   |   |                   |   |   |                    |   |   |
|----------------------|----|-------------------|---|---|-------------------|---|---|--------------------|---|---|
| Under Two Years old  | 28 | Ten and Twenty    | - | 3 | Forty and Fifty   | - | 9 | Seventy and Eighty | - | 4 |
| Between Two and Five | 9  | Twenty and Thirty | - | 6 | Fifty and Sixty   | - | 5 | Eighty and Ninety  | - | 3 |
| Five and Ten         | 1  | Thirty and Forty  | - | 7 | Sixty and Seventy | - | 3 |                    |   |   |

| CHRISTENED.                            |           |         |        | BURIED.   |         |        |
|----------------------------------------|-----------|---------|--------|-----------|---------|--------|
|                                        | Males     | Females | Total. | Males     | Females | Total. |
| ALL-SAINTS. - -                        | 45        | 47      | 92     | 30        | 48      | 78     |
| ST. SEVULCHRE'S.                       | 14        | 11      | 25     | 16        | 18      | 34     |
| ST. GILES'S. - -                       | 14        | 24      | 38     | 23        | 24      | 47     |
| ST. PETER'S. - -                       | 1         | 5       | 6      | 4         | 4       | 8      |
| In the whole Town.                     | 74        | 87      | 161    | 73        | 94      | 167    |
| The Meeting in St. PETER'S Parish, 11. | Decreased | -       | 9      | Decreased | -       | 11     |

Reflections on Mortality.



Another year its rapid course hath run,  
How transient all things are beneath the sun!  
Time's hast'ning stride o'er human greatness shew,  
How vain it is and all things here below.  
The loftiest spires will moulder into dust,  
The proudest trophies, and the noblest bust:  
Alike decay—how vain the pride of man!  
Whose pilgrimage on earth is but a span,  
Whose boasted knowledge, and whose thirst for fame,  
Like fumes dissolve, and leave an empty name!  
Riches may pamper the luxurious mind,  
But virtue only can true comfort find.  
That death's impartial we must all confess,  
As from his piercing dart there's no redress;  
The smiling infant leaves the fond embrace,  
The sprightly youth ash quickly change his place;

The man in prime must sudden quit this stage,  
As well as feeble and decrepit age.—  
Mortality is all men's certain doom;  
Or soon or late we fill the silent tomb.  
The scene is chang'd—our mortal part now ends,  
We quit our country, relatives, and friends;  
The part immortal wings its way to God,  
To see his smiling face or feel his rod;  
Nature's due debt is paid, which sin incurred  
And all our grandeur's in the grave interr'd.  
But murmur not, O man, thou'lt soon be dead,  
Thou hast a rich reversion fix'd on high,  
Reserv'd for those who walk in wisdom's ways,  
In faith and resignation all their days.  
The Son of God did die, our souls to save,  
And raise our mortal bodies from the grave;  
Thro' him alone we hope to see God's face,  
And taste the pleasures of redeeming Grace.  
Happy the soul, who pains that blissful shore,  
Where sin and sorrow trouble is no more;  
Eternal ages fill our tongues employ,  
In endless bliss and everlasting joy!